The Local Noodle

VOLUME VII, NO. 4 MIDDLEBURY, VERMONT · **JANUARY 2025** @thelocalnoodle

Ski Patrol Takes Page out of Midd Equestrian's Book; Starts Putting Down Injured Skiers

SNOW BOWL – Middlebury Ski Patrol Captain Shröd Gnar '25 made waves yesterday when he announced that his staff will start euthanizing skiers with injured legs instead of tobogganing them down the mountain.

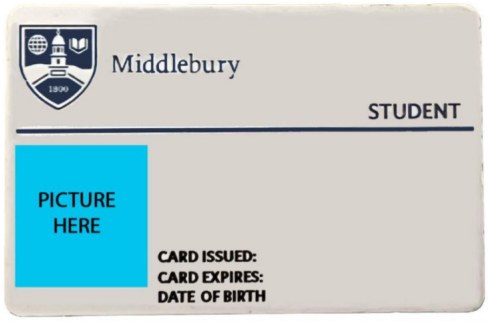
"Really, this is the most humane thing to do," Gnar explained over the sound of gunshots ringing in the distance. "Skiers aren't like normal humans. They can't rest and recover from their injuries. Their sniveling desire for validation means that they have to hit the mountain day in and day out to prove their superiority. Getting tobogganed down the mountain would be ego death – actual death is preferable."

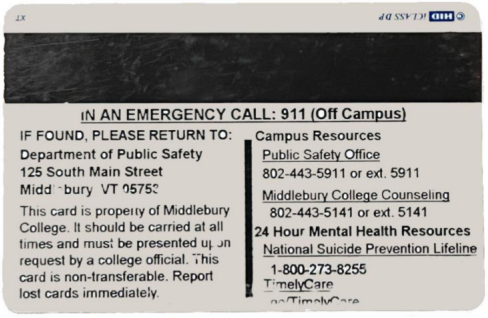
When asked what inspired this new policy, Gnar pointed towards the longstanding practice of euthanizing horses with broken legs. Haye Bayle '26, Health Advisor to Middlebury Equestrian, weighed in: "We fully endorse Ski Patrol's new policy. You know, horses and humans aren't that different. They both have four limbs and they both should be shot immediately if any one of them happens to break, fracture, or sprain."

"I've always wanted a gun," Aspen Vail Chamonix '27.5, newest member of Middlebury patrol, told the Noodle. "The only thing better than ripping some fresh pow is doing so with a high-caliber firearm in your hand, ready to take out any poor schmuck who can't make it down the mountain."

Plus, without the added responsibility of having to care for skiers' injuries, Ski Patrollers can spend more time doing what they love the most: wearing little red coats, going really fast down the greens, and skipping lift lines. "This is a total game changer," Gnar explained. "Now all we need is snow."

BUILD YOUR OWN IDENTIFICATION




IN AN EMERGENCY CALL: 911 (Off Campus)
IF FOUND, PLEASE RETURN TO:
Department of Public Safety
125 South Main Street
This card is property of Middlebury College. It should be carried at all times and must be presented upon request by a college official. This card is non-transferable. Report lost cards immediately.
Campus Resources
Public Safety Office
802-443-5911 or ext. 5911
Middlebury College Counseling
802-443-5141 or ext. 5141
24 Hour Mental Health Resources
National Suicide Prevention Lifeline
1-800-273-8255
TimelyCare

AABBCCDDEEFFGGHHIIJJKKLLMMN
NOOPPQQRRSSTTUUVVWWXXYYZZ

aaabbbcccdddeeefffgg
ghhhiiijjjkkklllmmmnn
nooopppqqqrrrssstttuu
uvvvwwwxxxyyyyzzz

0000111122223333444455
5566666777778888999999
00001111222233334444555 5
6666777788889999 //////

Health Services Implements Prostate Exams for Baby Febs

A new part of orientation: baby febs wait outside Parton Health Center for prostate exams.

In a final anal love letter to our beloved institution, super senior Feb Fingerina Upbutte '24.5, has devoted her senior project to protecting the prostate health of the college. Receiving a $500,000 conflict resolution grant, Upbutte has urged the college to require prostate exams for all incoming baby febs, regardless of gender.

"For too long, prostate exam reception has been a male-dominated field, " says Upbutte, "This ends today."

The program has been officially backed by Middlebury Health and Wellness Services. All spring semester Porter Health appointments have been booked preemptively as the Prostate Program is going to be an "all hands on deck" operation, causing concerns to many of Middlebury's health-challenged students.

"We anticipate lots of tears so we spent an assload of money on tubs of lube and even a few bottles of valium for the students who have yet to experiment with butt stuff," says the head of Health and Wellness, Viola Ater D.O.

Health and Wellness Education plans to give out complimentary empowering stickers upon completion of exams. The stickers will be offered in two gendered options, *Prostate Prince* and *Prostate Princess*, as well as an inclusive option, *Prostate Person*.

Food Delivery Business MiddDash Off to a Rickity Rockity Start

Middlebury's new prolific food delivery business, 'MiddDash', has struck controversy within the food-eating community after reports of suspicious fees taxed on students' orders and ambiguous questions regarding more than just dietary preferences.

When asked about the pricing issue, Faat Ahh '26 told the Noodle, "It's a bunch of bullshit. A Dr. Feel Good costs eight bucks with tax, but ordering with MiddDash, I paid thirty-five! When I noticed a 'Hungry Fee' on my receipt without an assigned price value I literally shit myself from laughter. Like, drenched. I thought these guys were pure culinary comedians. Oh, but how I was mistaken! I got my food delivered and saw a note saying 'Whoops. Got a little hungry. Hefty walk, you know!' Half my Feel Good and fries were eaten."

Former MiddDash customer Imlazi Asfto Walktodagrille '27.5 expressed similar concerns. "I'm outraged! When checking out, their website asked me for my height, weight, and body fat percentage. I obviously filled it out because I wanted my grub, but then a pop-up message appeared saying 'Join MiddCuts Instead! Once you've pulverized the pudge we'll reconsider your order! Thank you, and we hope to see less of you soon!' Like, what?!"

MiddDash now faces heavy criticism from customers campus-wide, even receiving disapproving remarks in the form of papers taped to their doors saying "MiddDash? More like MiddAss!" MiddDash representatives are currently unavailable to comment.

The Local Noodle

CASSIE ELISH *Editor-in-Chief*
CECE CALDWELL *Convicted Vapist*
ANDY CAO *Clothed*
ALISTAIR NALLE *"Do I get one?"*
JOEY DISORBO *Maternity Leave*
OLIVIA CHEN *Beefcake pantyhose*
JIM REILY *Mo Salah Fanboy*
GEORGIA CROSBY *Crumbledore*
SOFIA SUTTER *Greasefire*
HARRY GRIFF *Use Code CYBRMNDY*
DANIEL ALEJANDRO *Guanabana Fresca*
PATRICK HENDERSON *Ciggy stardust*
SKY ROBERTS-SALVADOR *Of the Month*
GINGER HANLON *Putpocket*
JACK COLGATE *Pickpocket*
THEO MCDONOUGH *Bo's'n*
JACOB COLLIER *Tator Tot*
AK PELLETIER *Yukio Mishima*
NINA KELLOGG *Out of Office*
NED CUTLER *K.not*
HAZEL HENDLER *Hi hungry I'm dad*
BENJAMIN JOSEPH *Deputy Sheriff*
MAYA GERSTENBLUTH *Live With Empathy*

Middlebury's only news source. Since 1800.

Op-Ed: Why Hasn't Anyone Opened My Box?

BY PANDORA

Whoever said dying of old age can be peaceful is a fucking liar. The nurses constantly talk shit about me while I'm in the room. "Pandora opened the box" this and "she did irreversible damage and changed the entire state of the world" that. But let me tell you, you all deserve everything that came out of there. Because how is it that I'm on my deathbed and nobody ever bothered to open MY box? "Oh but Pandora," they say, "Curiosity killed the cat." Well what about my cat? Could use a little curiosity there. My girl hasn't purred in a LONG time. Anyways, I'm a 2500-year-old virgin–of course I'm pissed!

These days, all that's left for me is a lucid half-sleep, and I don't even have anything to think about. How am I supposed to have sex dreams about Michael Cera if I've never even had sex? As my untouched body decomposes and the steady beep of the heart rate monitor blurs into the background of my purity-stained mind, my thoughts can't help but transform into rap music:

I succumb to the darkness, my breath weak and shallow
Yet all I can think is how nobody knows if I spit or swallow
"Oh, don't open Pandora's box, it's super evil and it smells like rotting fish"
Somebody please just do it, it's literally my death wish
They say it holds secrets, stuff you shouldn't see
But spread my legs wide, I'm asking you baby
I wanna be like Matthew Mcconaughey's dad, he literally died mid-fuck
I'll pay you big money, I'm talking a big fat buck
So listen in close for my hoarse last request:
Give me a good wienering and I can finally rest.

So, Middlebury babies. Want to make my dreams come true?

Cell: (802) 443-5133
Email: pand0ral_fiend@icloud.com
Instagram: @horny.pandorny
LinkedIn: pandorahasaura
Grindr: Daddy Dora
WordsWith Friends: pandoraExpress8008s

Makerspace Circumcision Leaves Community Reeling

Since its reopening in 2024, the Makerspace has been marketed as a place where students can experiment with technology new and old, from 3D printers to woodshop tools. However, administrators are begging for less experimentation after one inspired sophomore, Richard Skinz, used the lab's laser-cutting machine to circumcise himself.

"There are a few things I like about my penis," Skinz said, standing outside the Johnson Building, from which he is now banned, "it's textbook size-wise, not too big or too small—the bone on a neanderthal in the centerfold of Anthro 101. Good color, too. A doc once told me I had a real porno pink, that it paired wonderfully with my inoffensive sack size, that is if it wasn't for the largest foreskin he had ever seen on a human being."

Unfortunately enough for our classmate, medically speaking, Richard has the largest foreskin ever recorded in the history of foreskic science. What's been a delight for all of us around campus has been a source of hidden pain for our hooded friend.

"It really starts to feel like a weight on you. Literally, it's sixty pounds of skin hanging off my tippity day in, day out. Foreskeet reduction surgery is an expensive business."

This, Richie Skinz tells us, is why he decided to get into laser-cutting at the Makerspace. "I guess I got tired of being a one-note kind of guy. I can't just be known for having a ridiculously large and sexually preclusive flesh hood forever. I'm more than a boogie with a hoodie. It was just time for a change."

"Plus I'm clean as a whistle now. No cheese, period. No lint, period. No weird looks at the gym, period. No backtalk from the dining hall staff, period. No one tripping on my dick, period."

Skinz's journey towards genital liberation, though beneficial to him, took a toll on other students. Gooseflesh Bumpity '28 described the scene: "I was putting the finishing touches on my incredibly detailed, proportionally accurate model of the RMS Lusitania when I heard the sound of burning flesh. Skinz was standing by the laser-cutting machine with his jeans around his ankles, sparks flying from his groinal region. I ran, screaming, from the room."

Skin said he wasn't wasting the foreskin.

"I'm going for a bit of a Ski Mask the Skin God look now," he said, explaining the skin mask he'd been wearing since the start of the interview. "And sure, it gets lonely now," he continued, lamenting the loss of his penis skin, "but when I put this mask on, fuck if I don't feel close to my nub nub and chub chub again."

BORROW FROM THE GEAR ROOM